THE RNAPPSES-OUR BRANCH.

Aunt Loretty Describes a Coscob Family-A Yankee Character Study. Annie Trumbull Slosson, in October Harper.

All the Knappses set ev'rything by butterneggs. Ye can't be a Knapp—course I mean
our bray o' the family—ye can't be one o'
our Kns san' not have that plant with
its yeller ms an' little, narrer, whitygreen leav or yer fav'rite. The Knappses
allers held to, an' they allers will hold it
on, or they yon't be Knappses.
I do not remember just how Jane evaded
this direct question, but her reply served
the desired purpose, and Aunt Loretty was
soon started upon her wonderful story.
"My father was Cap'n. Zenas Knapp,
born right her in Coscob. He follered the
see: an's there warn't much sea 'round here

ses; an's there warn't much sea 'round here to feller; he moved down Stonin'ton way, an' took ter whalin'. An' bimeby he married sight an' run o' Coscob an' the Knappses for a long spell. But pa was a Knapp clear through 'f there ever was one; the very Knappiest Knapp, sotespeak, o' the hull tribe, an' that's puttin' it strong 'nough. All their ways, all their doin's, their likin's an' dislikn's, their taketos an' their don'ttaketos, their goods an' their bads-he had 'em all hard. An' they had ways, the Knappses had, an' they've got 'em still, what's left o' the fam'ly, the waysiest ways Some folks ain't that kind, ye know; they're jest like other folks. If ye met 'em 'way from hum ye wouldn't know where they from hum ye wouldn't know where they come from or whose relations they was; they might be Peckses o' Horseneck, or Noyeses o' Westily, or Simsb'ry Phelpses; or ag'in they might be Smithses o' ary place, for all the fam'ly ways they'd got. But our folks, the hull tribe on 'em, was tarred with the same stick, 's ye might say; ye'd 'a' knowed 'em for Knappses wherever they was—in Cosbob, Stonin'ton, or Chiny. Frinstance, for one thing, they was all Congr'ation'l in religion; they allers had ben from the creation o' the airth. Some folks might say to that that there wan't folks might say to that that there wa,n't no Congr'ation'i meetin's 's fur back's that. Well, I won't be too sot; mebbe there wa'n't; but 'f that's so, then there wa'n't no Knappses; there couldn't be Knappses an' no Congration'lists. An' they all b'leeved in foreord'nation an' 'lection. They was made so. Ye didn't have ter larn it to 'em; they got it, jest 's they got teeth when 't was time; they took it jest 's they took hoopin'-cough an' mumps when they was round. They didn't ary one on 'em need the cat'chism to larn 'em 'bout 'Whereby for 's own glory He hath forcordained Whats'ever comes to pass,' nor to tell 'em L. He out o. His mere good bleasure me etarnity 'lected some to everlastin' life;' they knowed it theirselves, the Knapp-ses did. An' they stuck ter their b'lee's, and would 'a' stood up on the Saybrook platform an' ben burnt up for 'em, like John Rogers in the cat'chism, sayin': 'What though this carcass smart awhile.

What though this life decay.' "An' they was all Whigs in pol'tics. There wa'n't never a Knapp-our branchwho voted the Dem'eratic ticket. They took that, too; no need for their pass tell 'em; jest's soon's a boy got to be twentyone an' 'lection day come 'round, up he
went and voted the Whig tick't, sayin'
nothin' to nobedy. An' so 'twas in ev'rything. They had ways o' their own. It come in ev'n down to readin' the Scripters. or ev'ry Knapp 't ever I see p'irred the Book o' Revtions to ary other part o' the Bible. The liked it all, o' course, for they was a pious breed, an' knowed all 't Scripter's give by inspiration, an's prof'ble an' so forth; but for stidy, ev'ry day readin' give 'em Rev'lations. An' the was lots o' other little ways they had, too, sech as strong opp'sition to Baptits an' dreffle dislikin' to furr'ners, and the greatest app'tite for old-fashioned, hum-made, white-oak cheese. Then they was all 'posed to swearin', an' didn't never use perfane language, none o' the Knappses; but there was jest one sayin' they had when 'xcited or s'prised or anything, and that was, 'C'rinthians!' They would say that, all on 'em, 'fore they died, one time or t'other.
An' when a Knapp said it, it did sound like
the awf'lest kind o' perfan'ty; but o' course it wa'n't. An' 'fore an' over all, ev'ry born soul on 'em took ter flowers an' gard'ns. They would have 'em, wherever they was. An' ev'rything they touched growed an' thriv'; drouth didn't dry 'em, wet did'nt mould 'em, bugs didn't eat 'em; they come up and leafed out an' budded an' blowed for the poorest, needin'ist Knapp 't lived, with only the teentiest bit of a back yard for 'em to grow in, or brok'n teapots an' crackt pitchers to hold 'em. But they might have all the finest posies in the land, roses and heelyertropes an' verbeny, an' horse-shoe g'raniums, au' they'd swap 'em all off, ary Knapp would—our branch—for one single plant 'o that blessed flower.... How't come about's more'n I can say, or how long it's ben goin' on; from the very fust start o' things fortino; but 'tennerate ev'ry single Knapp I ever see or beerd on held butterneggs to be the beautif'lest posy

God ever made. "I can't go myself in my rec'lection back my great-gran'mother, but I r'member her, though I was a speck of a gal when she died. She was a Bissell o' Nor'field, this State, but she married a Knapp, an' seemed to grow right inter Knapp's ways; an' she an' gran'f'ther-great-gran'f'ther ! mean, Shearjashub Knapp—they used ter have a big bed o' butterneggs in front o' the side door, an' it made the hull yard look sunshing even when the day was dark an' drizzly. There ain't nothin' shinin'er an' goldier than them flowers with the different kinds o' yeller in 'em; they'll altar. Peter, James and John stand beside most freekle ye, they're so much like the it. There is a long conversation unfolding the plan of salvation, and predicting the come Gran'pa Knapp—his given name was Ezry—and he was bedrid for more'n six year. An' he had butterneggs planted in boxes an' stood all 'round his bed, an' he did take sech cumf't in'em. The hull room was yeller with 'em an' they give him a sort o' biliousy, jandersy look; but he did set so by 'em; an' the very flast growin' thing the good old man ever set eyes on here b'low, afore he see the green fields beyond the swellin' flood, was them bright an' shinin' butterneggs. An' his sister Hopey, she 't married Enoch Ambler, o' Greens Farms, I never shall forgit her butterneggs border, 't run all 'round her gard'n; the pea-green leaves, an' yeller an' saffrony blooms looked for all the world like biled sparrergrass with chopped-egg sarce. * * '

"There's jest one thing more I must put in, an' that's how the Knappses gen'lly died. 'Twas eenamost allers o' dum'aigger. That's what they called it them days; I s'pose 'twould be malairy now; but that wa'n't invented then, an' we had to git along's well's we could without sech lux'ries. The Knappses was long-lived—called threescore 'n ten bein' cut off in the midst o' your days—but when they did come ter die 'twas most gen'lly o' dum'aigger. But even bout that they had their own ways; an' when a Knapp-our branch I would say-got dum'aigger, why, twas dummer an' aig-gerer 'n other folkses dum'aigger, an' so 't got the name o' the Knapp-shakes. An' they all seemed to use the same rem'dies an' physics for the c'mplaint. They wa'n't much for doctors, but they all b'leeved in yarbs an' hum-made steeps an' teas. An' 'thout any 'dvice or doctor's receipts or anything, 's soon 's they felt the creepy, goose-fleshy, shiv'ry feelin' that meant dum'aigger, with their heads het up an' their feet 'most froze, they'd jest put some cam'mile an' hardhack to steep, an' sew a strip o' red flann'l round their neck, an' put a peppergrass poultice to the soles o' their feet, an' go to bed; an' there they'd lay, drinkin' their cam'mile an' hardback, strong an' hot, an' allers with their head on a hard, thin piller, till all was over, an' they was in a land where there's no dum'aigger nor any kinder sickness't all. Gran'f'ther died o' dum'aigger; great-gran'f'ther died on 1t-had it six year; Aunt Hopey Ambler, great aunt Cynthy, an' second-cous'n Shadrach all went off that way. An' pa-well, he didn't die so; but that's part o' my sister's story.

"Ma, she was a Beebe, 's I said afore, but she might 'a'ben' most anything else, for there wa'n't any strong Beebe ways to her. Her mother was a Palmer—'most ev'rybody's

mother is, down Stonin'ton way, ye know-an' ma was 's much Palmer 's Beebe, an' she was more Thayer than ary one on 'em (her gran'mother was a Thayer). So 't stands to reas'n that when we child'en come 'long we was more Knapp than Beebe. There was two on us, twins an' gals, me an' my sister; an' they named us arter pa's twin sisters 't died years afore, Coretty

A Tower of Diamonds.

an' Loretty, an' I'm Loretty.

tower Eiffel entirely of diamonds! This sounds like a dream. The reality. however, is not quite so dazzling as might be expected, and the model, which is an exact reproduction of the original monument, gains nothing in grace and beauty of outline to make up for the loss of grandeur and

both in silver gilt in two shades of gold, the enameled flags at the four corners, and the ruby and sapphire set in the lantern, which is lighted by electricity and revolves by clock work. Messrs. Martin, Parno and Cie hoped to obtain admission for their jeweled tower at the exhibition, but it was completed too late, so it is shown to the public in the Rue de Seze galleries instead. The best time to see it is the evenstead. The best time to see it is the evening, when a clever arrangement of electric burners lights up the jewels and causes them to sparkle and shine infinitely more than in the day time, especially the semi-circular rows, which border the four great arches, and which are brilliants of coniderable beauty. The price put upon it is

IN THE MORMON TEMPLES.

The Mystic Ceremonies Connected with the Rite of Endowment.

W. B. S., in St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The ceremonies which constitute what is commonly called "temple work" are a queer compound. Scriptural allegory is the basis. Something from Free-masonry is added. The whole is rounded off with features which could only have been con-ceived in the fertile brain of the founder of ceived in the fertile brain of the founder of the Mormon Church—Joseph Smith. These ceremonies make a deep impression upon the average believer. They are never spoken of in light words. Receiving "the endowment" is a great event in the Mormon's life. Men and women look forward to the ceremonies for years. When the time comes to make the pilgrimage to the temple and to "go through," a species of ecstasy or exaltation is produced in the mind of the devout. And ever afterwards the visit is looked upon as a blessed privilege. The ceremonies of the temple are conducted by the priesthood. They are secret, and are guarded by oaths of the most solemn character. But apostates have revealed, little by little, the performance of initiation. The candidate to receive endowment carries to the temple a certificate from his ries to the temple a certificate from his bishop that he is qualified for the ceremonies. A bath, for purification, is the first thing. The priest assists at the bathtub. The novice steps forth and is anointed. Oil is poured from a horn, and as it is applied to the head, the eyes, the ears and other members of the body, the priest blesses and consecrates each to the new life. The priest prays that the head may have knowledge of the truth of God; that the eyes may see the glory of the king-dom; that the mouth may always speak the truth; that the arms may be strong in the defense of the gospel, and so on down to the feet, which are to be swift in the paths of righteousness.

After the anointing a new name is whispered to the candidate. This name is not to be used or mentioned in this world, but by it the person will be known in the next. Dressing in the inner endowment garment comes next. This is the garment which the Mormon wears through life, and is buried in. So careful are many of the faithful that when they change this undergarment to keep cleanly they have another precisely like it to slip on. They will not remove the whole garment at once, but, putting off one arm, they clothe that with the substitute without going further. And thus one is slipped on as fast as the other is slipped off. The endowment garment is considered a protection against all evil. To die without it on the person is to endanger salvation. Many Mormons believe that Joseph Smith would not have been killed in the jail at Carthage if he had not left off his garment on that day.

Any one who knows "the chemiloon" of dress reform does not need to be told what the endowment garment is. Undershirt and drawers made in one garment, open in front, with strings to fasten—that is the endowment garment. Clothed in this garment the candidate passes into another room and re-ceives a short lecture from one of the higher priests. He is told that if he has any feeling of faint-heartedness now is his time to retire. He is also impressed with the idea that to reveal any of the things he is about to witness will be to court everlasting damnation. A white cap, such as bakers wear, is given. The feet are shod with white cloth slippers. The candidate is ready to proceed. He passes into one room after another, stopping for quite a period in each. In the first of the series he witnesses and hears a representation of the cremation, the Garden of Eden, the temptation and the fall. Elohim and Jehovah discuss the wisdom of establishing a new The order is given and Michael is dispatched to carry it out. The various steps in the creation are represented. From time to time the candidate is told to close his eyes and then to open them. He shuts his eyes, hears Jehovah declare he will create man, opens his eyes and sees Adam standing beside his maker. Eve is produced from the rib. Then the scene is transferred to a room frescoed in imitation of the garden of Eden. There Adam and Eve go through the temptation. The apple is plucked from a tree painted on the wall after Satan has appeared and given his bad advice. At this point Adam proclaims that he can see and that all are naked. From a bundle which has been given him the candidate takes a white linen apron. Fig-leaves in green silk a e embroidered on the apron. The candidate puts it on. whovah comes in. Adam is re-buked, and, with Eve. is driven from the garden into what is called the world. Here the first grip of the Aaronic or lesser priesthood is given and an oath of secresy is administered. In the world is an is given and another oath is administered The outer endowment robe is put on. This is like a long night-shirt, open on the sides to the armpits. The eath of chastity is

next administered. Then comes the story of the founding of the Mormon Church, and the candidate accepts the new faith. The first and second grips of the Melchizedek, or higher order of priesthood, are given, and with each goes an oath of secresy. Prayers follow, and the candidate is prepared to approach the veil of the temple and be seated. Across the room in which this is at and highest ceremony is performed hangs a curtain with several round holes to it. The candidate is led to the vail and placed close in it. The priest who conducts him strikes with a small wooden mallet, From the other side of the veil comes the voice of Peter asking who is there. The priest replies that Adam, "having been faithful, desires to enter." Then the candidate whispers his celestial name through the highest hole in the curtain. Peter, reaching through, cuts with a pair of scissors a slit in the left breast of the inner endowment garment, another in the right breast, a third over the abdomen and a fourth on the right knee, The slit in the right breast is in the form of the Masonic square, and that on the left is an imitation of the compass. The candidate now passes into heaven within the veil. The last and highest grip of the Melchizedeck order is given. The endowment is complete. After returning home the candidate has the slits in his garment sewed up. He has them carefully copied upon his change garments. They are the marks by which his identifica-

tion will be completee in the resurrection.
In the course of the ceremonies of conferring "the endowment" the candidate passes through many rooms. He listens to ritual and prayers of great length. In early times it was the custom to complete the endowment ceremonies in one day. The performance required eight hours. Now, however, the ceremonies are divided into parts and the candidates take several days to receive their "endowments." The inner garment is always worn. The outer garment, the cap and the slippers are carefully put away. They are the burial clothes.

A "Society" Incident,

Washington Post. Society seems to be preparing to form on. The other day we overheard a table conversation substantially like this: "What, dear, you haven't heard about

"No, dearie, not a word." "Why, you see, Mrs. X (a very prominent lady) tried to get Mrs. Z's (another very prominent lady) cook away from her, and actually went to Mrs. Z's house when Mrs. Z was away, and offered the cook more money."

"My, my! What did Mrs. Z do about it?"
"Well, the next time they met at a state
dinner Mrs. Z didn't notice her. Somebody who sat between them said: "'Mrs. Z, you know Mrs. K, do you not?'
"'N-n-no,' said Mrs. Z. 'I believe not. caus on inv cook, I understand, but I believe we do not exchange those courtesies. Waiter, another of the breadsticks, please."

size. As it is, however, it is a very curious piece of work. The number of diamonds needed to construct this model, which measures thirty-nine inches in height, is forty thousand, and they are set in rows on the silver girders. The only bits of solar about it are the lower platforms,

A HONDURAS BAILWAY. The Train Starts When Engineer "Jim"

Fires Up. New York Times. Commuters and others accustomed to frequent railway trips in the vicinity of New York, who feel themselves personally aggrieved if their train is delayed for a few minutes, will find something to interest

them in the account given by a well-known New York lawyer of his railroad experi-ences in Spanish Honduras. This gentle-man had some business which required his presence in the interior of Honduras for some months, and when he went he took with him-his wife and three bright boys. Their destination was about three hundred miles from the coast, and almost the entire distance had to be made on horse or muleback. The only exception to this tiresome mode of travel was at the beginning of the journey, where, according to the maps, there was a railroad running between two towns, forty miles apart, the only railroad

on landing in Honduras, the gentleman took his family to the little native hotel, kept by a mulatto woman in Central American style, with frijoles and tortellias for the principal food, and canvas stretched over frames for beds, and then started out to find the railroad, hoping to catch the morning train. After a long search through the town, he came upon a single track in the outskirts, which ended in a dilapidated wooden shed, but nobody was in sight and there was no sight of a train. Being a fluent speaker of Spanish he made inquiries of a native, and learned where the railway appropriate of the speaker of the speak superintendent lived. That officer of the Honduras trunk-line came out of his house when summoned, and was immediately

asked when the train would start.

"The train?" he repeated in Spanish, of course, and in a dazed way as if the idea of a train were something entirely new to him.

"Yes; what time does it go?" his questioner asked. "It has not gone to-day, has

"No; I don't think it has gone to-day; no, I'm sure it hasn't gone to-day." "Will it go this morning?" "No, I don't think it will go this morn-

"Will it go this afternoon?"
"Quien Sabel But I don't think so. No, l don't think so. How can I tell?" "You ought to know if anybody does," the New Yorker replied, "as you are the superintendent."

While they were talking the officer was shading his eyes with his hands and looking across a little bay in the distance. "Can you see across the bay?" he asked; 'my eyes are not as good as they used

The New Yorker looked, and replied that be could see across the bay distinctly. "Do you see any smoke coming up out of the trees?" the superintendent asked. No, there was no smoke.

"Then I guess Jim won't fire up to-day." he went on. "I sent him out in the country yesterday to repair an engine on a sugar estate, and most likely he hasn't got through yet. But I'm pretty sure he'll fire up to-morrow. Just come in on the steamer? And got a family with you? Well, you'll find it very comfortable down at the hotel, and I think there'll be a train out to-morrow; yes, I think there will."

There was nothing for it but to wait, for the chance of deducting forty miles from the long mule ride was not to be lost. Next morning the New Yorker was out bright and early watching for a smoke across the bay. The smoke was there; evidently "Jim" was firing up. He hastened to the superintendent with the news, and asked what time the train would start.
"About 9 o'clock, if she goes," the officer answered; "may be a little earlier, may be

a little later; but you may as well be on board by 8, to make sure. Shortly after 9 o'clock the train was ready to start. It consisted of an engine of the style of forty years or more ago, a tender containing some wood and one of tender containing some wood and one of the temple are very careful to keep the the earliest passenger cars made, with no flame constantly blazing. glass in the windows, a bench running lengthwise on each side, and boxes of old iron on and under the benches to give the ron on and under the benches to give the car weight enough to keep it on the track. There were a number of passengers, and when all was ready and the conductor had shouted "All aboard" in Spanish, and the engine bell had begun to ring, one of the passengers, a merchant in the town, clapped his hand to his pocket and exclaimed that he had forgotten to write some letters, and immed off and went back some letters, and jumped off and went back to his office to write them. The train started with a vast amount of whistling and bell ringing, and began to dash furionsly across the country at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. It had not gone far before the wood gave out, and the engine stopped and the fireman another trainman went into the woods with an axe to cut a fresh supply. These stops to cut wood were made about once an hour throughout the journey. At the first station, which was reached at about 11 o'clock, the man who had stopped to write his letters came galloping up on a mule, which he gave in charge of a friend, and resumed his seat in

When noon arrived the train was stopped and the engineer, fireman, conductor, and the two or three other men employed on the road made a little fire near the track and placidly proceeded to cook and eat their linner. This occupied nearly an hour, and everything went slowly but well till 2 o'clock, when a little stream was reached, crossed by an old wooden bridge. Here the engine was stopped over the middle of the stream, and the fireman got off, and, without any hesitation, removed all of his clothes. The New Yorkers imagined that he was about to take a bath, but he was strictly in the performance of his duty. He lowered himself to the bed of the shallow stream with a pail in his hand and the other trainmen made a line to the tank of the engine, which they proceeded to fill with water from the brook, handing up pail

after pail and pouring it in.
It was not till the middle of the after noon, however, that the most interesting part of the journey was reached. The train came to a stop without any apparent cause, and stood still for some time. The New Yorker at length got out to see what was the matter. He found that a short distance ahead of the engine a rail was missing: if the train had gone two rods further it would have run off, without the remotest chance of getting back again, for there is no machinery for such uses in Honduras. The engineer had taken a crowbar and walked back past the rear end of the car, and was feeling about for a loose rail. Presently he found one to suit and pried it up, and he and the other men carried it head and spiked it down in the place of the rail that was missing. Then the train went ahead, leaving, of course, one rail missing in the track. On making inquiries the New Yorker learned that some years before somebody stole one of the rails, and it had never been replaced because there were no extra rails in the country, so every time the train reached that point the engineer had to stop and replace the missing rail with one that the train had already gone

Everything connected with the road was managed on this principle, and no consid-erable repairs had been made since it was built, more than a quarter of a century ago. The same engine and the same car had been in operation all that time. The road was constructed by an English company under a contract with the government, and the principal and interest of the debt now emount up into so many millions that the whole country is hardly worth enough to

The train reached its destination at 9 o'clock in the evening, having averaged about three and a half miles an hour in the twelve hours consumed in the journey; and the New Yorker who made the trip is emphatic in advising all other Americans who visit Spanish Honduras to stick to the mules if time is of any value to them.

Heroes of the French Revolution. Paris Dispatch to London Daily News.

At Angers yesterday a monument was unveiled in honor of the 600 volunteers of the first Republic who chose to jump down from the Rock of Murs into the Loire rather than surrender to the Vendean roy-alists, though they knew the leap must be a fatal one. Fully 15,000 persons attended the ceremony. In the evening there was a banquet to 500 persons in a tent on the rock. The Prefect asked the company to drink to the health of M. Carnot. The Mayor spoke, and praised the women of the Revolution and congratulated the Anjou ladies he saw around him on coming to a republican ban-

Christianity in Hindoostan.

Church at Home and Abroad. It is the peculiar distinction of India that it has been the theater of our great religions—Hindooism, Buddhism Mohammedanism and Christianity. The first three have each had many centuries of opportunity, and yet Christianity has done more for the elevation of Indian society in the last fifty years than during all the long ages of their domination. Neither Buddhism nor Mohammedanism made any serious impress-

ion upon caste; neither was able to miti-gate the wrongs which had been heaped on women-Mohammedanism rather aggra-vated them. The borrors of the suttee and the murder of female infants, those bitterest fruits of superstition, were left unchecked till the British government, inspired by Christian sentiment, branded them infamous and made them crimes. Even the native sentiment of Indla is now greatly changed, and the general morality of the better classes is raised above the teachings of their religion.

THE HEROINES OF TONKIN.

A Splendid Temple Dedicated to Two Girls Who Won Enduring Fame.

New York Sun. A little outside of the city of Hanoi, in Tonkin, is a remarkably handsome padoga, in which live twenty women. They seldom leave their chosen home, and they subsist upon the contributions of visitors and upon some small revenues which the temple receives from the government. Some of them are young and pretty, and in intelligence and attainments they are all above the common people. They are recluses, and their mission is to perform the work of the temple and to keep a light constantly burning before the life-size statues of two young women, whose patriotic heroism is thus honored, and the memory of their achievements and martyrdom for their country kept alive in the hearts of the people, though they lived nearly nineteen centuries ago. Their career greatly resembled that at loop of Arc bled that of Joan of Arc.

In the year 36 of the present era, Tonkin was suffering under the oppressive rule of China, who had driven her legitimate kings from the throne. Tonkin was a Chinese province, ruled by Chinese functionaries, and the people groaned under a heavy yoke. Two young sisters of noble family, named Chin Se and Chin Eul, took advantage of the widespread discontent to stir up a revolt. Remarkable for their energy and bravery, and greatly admired for their beauty and splendid horseman-ship, they placed themselves at the head of a volunteer army, and drove the foreigners pell-mell out of Tonkin. For a time Ton-kin was again her own master, the sisters

were idolized, and the people received them with acclamations and gratitude.

The news traveled to Pekin of the disgrace two women had inflicted upon the Chinese arms, and the Emperor Koang Ti sent a great army under one of his most famous soldiers to teach Tonkin and her female generals a terrible lesson. When the army reached Tonkin the sisters and their warriors met the Chinese host on the frontier, and contested the ground step by step, performing prodigies of valor. The decisive battle finally took place on the outskirts of the capital. The Tonkinese at first had the best of the fight, but in the crisis of the battle some of their generals passed over to the enemy. This treason gave the victory to the Chinese. The two sisters fell from their horses pierced with spears as they were leading a last charge in the vain effort to check the Chinese ad

The memory of their patriotism and feats of arms has been perpetuated in this costly temple. High walls surround it, and only those can enter who have a permit. With-in are many carvings and paintings, done in the best style of Tonkinese art, depict-ing scenes in the brief but glorious career of the two sisters. A great couch is shown which is supposed to be similar to that upon which the sisters sat when they gave audiences. Specimens of ancient weapons of warfare hang on the walls. There are life-size paintings to represent the horses upon which the sisters rode, and one wall is entirely devoted to a painting of the two elephants which always marched at the head of the army of the heroines. The statues of the sisters stand upon bases of stone, and they are richly robed in silks. Before them burns a lamp, and the recluses

This picture is taken from a photograph recently published in Le Tour du Monde. It is the likeness of one of the twenty women who had renounced the world and devote their lives to the service of this temple. This young woman conducted Mr. Hocquard and his party through the pagoda, and he describes her as a pretty and intelligent girl. Her dress is that of the common people of Tonkin. These women are subject to the commands of a Mother Superior, who exercises great authority over them. There are several buildings within the walls. The Mother Superior occupies one of them alone, and the walls of her large chamber are covered with paintings representing important phases in the lives of the sisters.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Queer Notions of Many People About the Sun, the Moon and the Stars.

Dr. Grace Peckham, in October Home-Maker.

Faith in the power of the sun, moon and stars to act on the health has, of course, been held for centuries. That great personage of olden time, the astrologer, would not fail to impress upon people this idea of the influence which the heavenly bodies possess over health and disease. Very few of these have survived up to the present time.
It is natural that the sun should be considered the great restorer and life-giver. There is an old Jewish proverb to the effect that when the sun rises the disease will abate. This was founded on a tradition that a precious stone was hung on the neck of Abraham, and that to he sun. The remnant of this superstition is found to-day in the saying that if an invalid goes out for the first time and makes a circuit, this circuit must be with the sun; if against the sun there will be a relapse. The universal belief that the moon has power to make a person crazy has given us the word lunatic. That the soul which has till then hovered between life and death

finds its release as the tide goes out, is generally accepted by many. A great prejudice exists against the night air, especially in ventilating sleeping rooms; the night air is by no means so unhealthy as many people suppose. In those places where the soil is impure, or near waters that are stagnant, the change occasioned by the withdrawal of the sun's heat gives rise to exhalations that are unhealthy, but in the majority of instances, the prejudices that exist against night air amount to a superstitions dread.

When an idea crystalizes into a proverb it carries an axiomatic weight with it, and no one for a moment stops to question its truth. One may rebel against it, but in doing so there is always a feeling of having taken the law into one's own hands, and if evil is escaped it is miraculous.

As a rule the popular superstitions inflict but little actual bodily harm, nevertheless the state of apprehensive dread and dis-comfort which they sometimes entail, both upon the believer and upon his friends, makes it essential to refrain from their indulgence, and especially from teaching them to children, upon whom they make a life-long impression.

She Wanted to Be Priest. New York Sun.

A short time ago a young student applied for admission as pupil to the priests eminary at Kalocsa, Hungary, and, being duly provided with examination certificates, was at once received. The new pupil led exactly the same life as the other inmates of the establishment, and showed a marked disposition for study. A few days ago Cardinal Haynald visited the seminary. and in the garden met the newcomer, who bowed respectfully, but, contrary to custom, did not kiss the Cardinal's hand. His eminence not only noticed the omission, but it led him to examine the candidate priest somewhat closer. The effeminate face of the young student turned scarlet under the Cardinal's scrutinizing gaze, whereupon the prelate uttered a few words in a low tone that caused the former to return quickly to the house. Five minutes afterward this mysterious personage had left the premises, and has not since gone back. Rumor says the individual was a lady, who felt an irresistible vocation to become a priest.

Colors That Offset One Another. Syracuse Standard.

It is surmised by some writer that blonde complexion and hair will soon predominate in the United States, because of the large German and Scandinavian immigration. But, on the other hand, the Italians are dark, as well as many of the people from South Germany who come to us. The Irish A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"The Creature with No Claws," as Written Out by Joel Chandler Harris. "W'en you git a leetle bit older dan w'at you is, honey." said Uncle Remus to the lit-tle boy, "you'll know lots mo' dan you does

The old man had a pile of white oak splits by his side, and these he was weaving into a chair-bottom. He was an expert in the art of "bottoming chairs," and he earned many a silver quarter in this way. The little boy seemed to be much interested in the

"Hit's des like I tell you." the old man went on, "I done had the speunce un it. I done got so now dat I don't b'lieve w'at I see, much less w'at I year. It got ter be whar I kin put my han' on it en fumble wid it. Folks kin fool deyse'f lots wass dan yuther folks kin fool um, en ef you don't b'lieve w'at I'm a tellin' un you, you kin des ax Brer Wolf de ney' time you meet 'im in de Brer Wolf de nex' time you meet 'im in de

big road."
"What about Brother Wolf, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked, as the old man paused to refill his pipe.
"Well, honey, 't aint no great long rigmarole; hit 's des one er deze yer tales w'at goes in a gallop twel it gits ter de jumpin'-

off place. off place.

"One time Beer Wolf wus gwine 'long de big road feehn' mighty proud en highstrung. He wuz a mighty high-up man in dem days, Brer Wolf wuz, en 'mos all de youther creeturs wuz feard un 'im. Well, he wuz gwine 'long lickin' his chops en walkin' sorter stiff-kneed w'en he happen ter look down 'pon de groun' en dar he seed a track in de san'. Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at it, en den he low:

"'Hevo! w'at kind er creetur dish ver!

"'Heyo! w'at kind er creetur dish yer?
Brer Dog ain't make dat track, en needer is
Brer Fox. Hit's one er deze yer kind er
creeturs w'at ain't got no claws. I'll des
'bout foller 'im up, en ef I ketch 'im he'll
sholy be my meat.'

"Dat de way Brer Wolf talk. He fol-lowed 'long atter de track, he did, en he he look at it close, but he ain't see no print er no claw. Bymeby the de track tuck 'n tu'n out de road en go up a dreen whar de rain done wash out. De track was plain dar in de wet san', but Brer Wolf ain't see

no sign er no claws. "He foller en foller, Brer Wolf did, en de track git fresher and fresher, but still he ain't see no print er no claw. Bymeby he come in sight er de creetur, en Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at 'im. He stop stockstill and look. De creetur wuz mighty quare-lookin', en he wuz cuttin' up some mighty quare capers. He had big head, sharp nose en hob tail; en he wuz walkin' roun' en roun' a big dog-wood tree, rubbin' his sides ag'n it. Brer Wolf watch 'm a right smart while, he act so square, en den

"'Shoo! dat creetur done bin in a fight en los de bes' part er he tail, en w'at make he scratch hisse'f dat way? I lay I'll let'im know who he foolin' 'long wid.' "Atter 'while Brer Wolt went up a leetle

nigher de creetur, en holler out: "'Heyo, dar! w'at you doin' scratchin' yo scaly hide on my tree, en tryin' fer to break hit down? "De creetur ain't make no answer. He

des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree scratchin' he sides en back. Brer Wolf holler out: "I lay I'll make you year me ef I hatter come dar whar you is "De creetur des walk 'roun' and 'roun' de tree, en ain't make no answer. Den Brer Wolf hail 'im ag'in, and talk like he mighty

"'Ain't you gwine ter min' me, you imperdent scoundrel? Ain't you gwine ter mo-zey outer my woeds en let my tree 'lone?'
"Wid dat, Brer Wolf march todes de cree-tur des like he gwine ter squ'sh 'im 'in de groun'. De creetur rub hisse'f agin de tree en look like he feel mighty good. Brer Wolf keep on gwine todes 'im, en bimeby Wolf keep on gwine todes 'im, en bimeby w'en he git sorter close de creetur tuck 'n set up on his behind legs des like you see squir'ls do. Den Brer Wolf, he'low, he did:

"'Ah-yi! you beggin', is you? But 't ain't gwine ter do you no good. I mout er let you off ef you'd a-minded me w'en I fus' holler atter you, but I ain't gwine ter let you off now. I'm a-gwine ter l'arn you a lesson dat 'ill stick by you.'

"Den de creetur sorter wrinkle np he face

"Den de creetur sorter wrinkle up he face en monf, en Brer Wolf 'low: "'Oh, you neen'ter swell up en cry, you 'ceitful vilyun. I'm a-gwine ter gi' you a frailin' dat I boun' you won't forgit.' "Brer Wolf make like he gwine ter hit de

creetur, en den-" Here Uncle Remus paused and looked all around the room and up at the rafters. When he began again his voice was very

"Well, sub, dat creetur des fotch one swipe dis away, en 'n'er swipe dat away, en mos' 'fo' you can wink yo' eye-balls Brer Wolf hide wuz mighty nigh tectotally tor'd off'n 'im. Atter dat de creetur sa'ntered off in de woods, en 'gun ter rub hisse'f on 'n'er

"What kind of a creature was it, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.
"Well, honey," replied the old man in a confidential whisper, "hit want nobody on de top-side er de yeth but ole Brer Wild-

A SLAVE BOY'S STORY.

Vicissitudes That Led Him from Central Africa Down the Congo.

demphis Avalanche. A letter from the Congo tells the story of a slave boy from central Africa, who, by a series of strange vicissitudes, has recently come into the possession of Mr. Holman Bentley, the well known missionary, and is look upon it was to be healed. When now living on the river, near the west Abraham died God placed the stone in coast. The boy's name is Kavembe, and he lived near the Congo, about sixteen hundred miles from its mouth. A while ago a large party of Arabs from Nyangwe and their Manyema slaves attacked the village adjoining that in which Kayembe lived. They heard the shooting and saw the marauders seizing women and children. Then they fled into the jungle, and the Arabs, coming over to the deserted town, burned it to the ground.

It was three days before the villagers ventured to return to their ruined homes All was quiet then, and they spent the days tilling their fields around the place where they had lived. At night they slept in the jungle, as they feared a night attack. They were not without fear for a moment, but they still lingered around their fields because their food came from

One day, after they had led this wretched life for about three months, a gang of slave hunters suddenly rushed upon the village, beating their drums and firing guns. Kayembe's father threw a spear at one of the slavers. wounding him in the shoulder. The wounded then shot the father dead man and cut off his hand as a trophy. Kayembe dashed into the jungle with geveral men after him. They caught him, and he was dragged away with other prisoners to neighboring villages, where the slavers killed the men and captured many women. The little children whom many of the women carried in their arms were snatched away from them and thrown into the bushes, there to perish miserably. Some of them, however, were struck dead or stunned by a blow from a stick. Others who attempted to follow their mothers were struck with switches and driven back In about tenidays the slavers, with their captives, reached Nyangwe, and the poor people were soon scattered far and wide, their owners taking them in all directions. Kayembe's master took him three hundred miles down the Congo, where he sold him to a Zanzibari. Soon after the boy had an attack of dysentery, and his new master; thinking he would die, sold him for a song to a Honsoa soldier in the service of the Congo State. The soldier took him nine hundred miles further down the river to Leopoldville, where Sir Francis de Winton set the boy free and put him in charge

of the Baptist mission. He has learned the language of the lower Congo, and Mr. Bentley writes that he is a bright and interesting boy. But the tragic events in his old home are graven in his memory. He wants to return to his own country when it is safe to do so, and the missionaries have promised him that when they are able to start a station far up the Congo, where he came from, he shall go there with them.

Queen Victoria's Crown. Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other

royal regalia under strong guard at the old Tower, and worn only on state occasions, is one of the most costly insignias now in existence. To begin with, there are twenty diamonds around the circlet or head-band, each worth \$7,500, or \$150,000 for the set. Besides these twenty there are two extra South Germany who come to us. The Irish mostly have black hair, although they generally have fair skin, and blue eyes are common among them. The Englishare sot all light by any means, but, like the Americans, exhibit great variety in complexion, eyes and hair. Some observing persons say that in New York city the average man and woman are rapidly becoming darker. In these characteristics, like most others, the races which are thrown together in this country offset and supplement one another.

Besides these twenty there are twenty there are thought they genlarge center diamonds, each valued at \$10,000, making \$20,000 more; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angles of the others, each valued at \$500; four crosses, each valued at \$500; four crosses, each valued at \$500,000, and composed of twenty-five diamonds; four large diamonds on top of erosses, each having a money value of \$5,000, twelve diamonds in fleur-de-lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds, and rubies upon arches and circlets, not mentioned before, \$50,000; also 141 small diamonds.

monds, formed in roses and monograms. 25,000; twenty-six diamonds in upper cross, \$15,500; twenty-six diamonds in upper cross, \$15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim of the head-piece, \$15,000 each. The total money value of this relic in any jeweler's market in the world would be at least \$600,000, metal and all included.

ABOUT THE EYES.

Spectacles Needed at Forty-Five-Indications of Failing Sight. Oculist, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Were people afflicted with near-sightedness in ancient times?"

"Oh, yes; though probably not to the same extent. We read, write and study more than the ancients did, and for this reason near-sight is more common with us, for it is the excessive use of the eyes at the near point that propagates the trouble. In old times troubles with the eyes were regarded as afflictions sent by heaven, for which there was no cure. Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning, was so near-sighted that, although he had the very best seat in the amphitheater at the gladiator shows, he could not see what was going on. One day he discovered that a certain concave emerald in his collection of jewels aided his vision materially, and from that time he always carried the emerald about with him and, when he wanted to see anything at a distance, looked through it. He regarded the stone as a talisman and supposed that its properties were magical."

"Is it true that every person needs spectacles at some period of life?"

"Decidedly, if the person lives to be forty-five years of age. At that age, or at any rate before fifty is reached, the crystalline lens, which is of the consistency of jelly in childbood, has gradually hardened to the consistency of wax, so that the muscles which change the focus of the eve

to the consistency of wax, so that the muscles which change the focus of the eye for various distances, by altering the shape of the lens, find it difficult to do their

"You will perceive that after looking at an object across the street, to examine your inger attentively requires a distinct effort of the eye. You have to exert the muscles that control the shape of the lens in order to make the focus right for the near point. If the lens has got hard, through advancing age, a continuous effort of this sort, as in reading, becomes tiresome, and thus it is that the middle-aged man or woman finds the first indication of what is ignorantly termed 'failing sight' in the is ignorantly termed 'failing sight' in the blurring of the letters in the book or news-paper. Now, the fact is, of course, that the ocular organ is just as good as ever, save for the fact that it needs a little help in the way of a glass lens to make the focus right for reading, and thus save the muscles work. The sight for distance, under such circumstances, still remains as good as ever, because the lens in its natural focus

and shape is adapted to distant vision.

"But the middle-aged person, as a rule, imagines that the blurring of the letters signifies impaired sight. He hesitates to get glasses on account of the general belief that if he once puts on spectacles he must always use them. The truth at the bottom of this lies in the fact that, when one's sight has once been restored by artificial means, one is not disposed to throw the

help away again.
"Not realizing this, the middle-aged person keeps on straining the eyes until they become somewhat damaged for want of artificial aid in reading or sewing, and finally the glasses are adopted—bought, in nine cases out of ten, from the ignorant opticians, to cause more trouble, very likely, later on. And all the distress might have been saved by simply going to the oculist when the annoyance first began to be felt, and procuring the proper glasses. This is what every person at forty-five years of age ought to do, for there is no one that arrives at the age of fifty, at the utmost, who does not need assistance for close vision."

"Is it true that near-sighted eyes improve

as they grow older?"
"Pah! That is another popular delusion. Near-sightedness may grow worse with age, but not better. Lakewise, it is nonsense to suppose, as is so commonly asserted, that the near-sighted eye is unusually strong. How should the abnormal egg-shaped eye be stronger than the normal spherical eye? The near-sighted eye is not necessarily weak, but it is a sick eye, in the sense that it usually belongs to a person who is imperfect constitutionally. The reverse of near-sight is over-sight, which is occasioned by flatness of the orb

"It is the case of nearly all cases of 'weak eyes,' and of nine out of every ten cases of 'squint.' Any child afflicted with either of these troubles should be taken at once to the oculist and have glasses prescribed for it. Thousands of people go through life without half the use of their eyes, when the whole trouble is simply due to a slight malformation which proper convex glasses would remedy at once."

A Subterranean River. Paris Dispatch to London Daily News.

A subterranean river has just been discovered in the district of Miers, in the department of Lot, Miers is in the heart of a wild, mountainous country, in the deep-est recesses of which caves and grottoes are found, some of which appear to have been the abodes of our troglodyte ancestors. The other day, two explorers-M. Martel and M. Gaupillat-discovered the river at the bottom of a gouffre or abysa known as the Pit of Paderac. Returning thither with a folding boat, made of sail cloth, they worked their way down stream for a couple of miles through a succession of wonderful grottoes sparkling with stalactites. They found seven lakes on their way, and had to shoot thirty-seven cascades or rapids. The two explorers intend to start on a fresh expedition to ascer-tain, if possible, the outlet of this unknown river. They conjecture that it joins one of the heads of the Dordogue, six miles from the abyss.

It is claimed that if a grape vineyard is ployed to the depth of four or five inches, very late in the fall, in a thorough manner, so as to turn all the grapes and leaves that have fallen completely under, the rot may be prevented the next season, as the fungus does not live for more than a year in the berries.

THE effect produced by Ayer's Cherry 1 Pectoral. Colds, Coughs, Croup, and Sore Throat are, in most cases, immediately relieved



refreshing rest. "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children have been subject."—Capt. U. Carley,

Brooklyn, N. Y. "From an experience of over thirty years in the sale of proprietary medi-cines, I feel justified in recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One of the best recommendations of the Pectoral is the enduring quality of its popularity, it being more salable now than it was twenty-five years ago, when its great success was considered marvelous."-

R. S. Drake, M. D., Beliot, Kans. "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine; saying that he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with the most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This has given me unbounded faith in the preparation, and I recommend it ndently to my customers. - U. U. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind.

For Colds and Coughs, take

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.